file Walter Scott's Letters It will be remembered that the nublication not long ago of the Journal of Sir Walter Scott materially added to the knowledge derivable from Lockhart's life of the author. The Jouraal began in 1835, and now we have an equally valuable mass of supplementary informa-

tion relating to the previous quarter of a cen tury In the Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It was it seems originally intended that the volumes now iven to the public should be confined to let ters addressed by Sir Walter to members of his own family, which, to that end, were placed at the editor's disposal by the Hon. Mrs. Max well Scott. As his work progressed, how ever, the editor saw reason for believing that other letters which had passed be tween Scott and some of his dearest friends would much enhance the interest of the book, and many of them have, conse quently, been inserted. The editor has made no attempt to produce a biography, that hav ing been done once for all by Lockhart; but he has arranged the correspondence in chrono logical order, and has supplied, where neces mary, a elight thread of continuity by anno-tation and illustration. Taken collectively the letters constitute an Important contribu tion to our knowledge of the time, for they no only throw a coplous light upon the characte and experiences of Scott himself within the earlier and happier portion of his life, bu they abound with references to Byron, Shell ley, Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Cole ridge, and other eminent men and women is the contemporary world of letters.

The first allusion to Byron occurs in a lette to John Bacon Morritt, under date of May 4 1812. "I agree very much," Scott writes, what you say of Childe Harold. Though there is something provoking and insulting both to morality and feeling in his misanthropical humor, it gives nevertheless an odd pungency to his descriptions and reflections, and, upon the whole, it is a poem of most extraordinary power and may rank its author with our firs poets. I see the Edinburgh Review has hauled its wind, which I suppose is as much owing to Lord Byron's political conversion as to their conviction of his increasing power." Writing eight months later to Lady Abercorn, Scott refers to the same subject: "You ask me how I like Lord Byron's poem, and I answer, very There is more original strength and force of thinking in it, as well as command of language and versification, than in almoany modern posm of the same length that I powerful poem, the more powerful because it arrests the attention without the aid of narratives, and without the least apparent wish conciliate the favor of the reader, but rather an affectation of the contrary. I say an affectation of the contrary, because I should be sorry to think that a young man of Lord Byron's powers should really and unaffectedly entertain and encourage a contempt for all sublunary comforts and enjoyments. That we can be completely happy in this state of things, that is to say, that we can be so placed as neither to feel a void in our hearts or in our imagination, is altogether inconsistent with our nature, and to mourn, there fore, is as wise as to regret that we have not wings, or that we lack the lamp of Aladdin neither of which, by the way, would make us a bit happier if we had it. But any one wh enjoys peace and competence, and what I hold equal to either, at least to the latter, the advantage of a well-informed mind, need only look around him to find out by compariso abundant reason for being thankful for the rank in which Providence has placed him and the wisest, as well as happiest, man is he who makes himself as easy in it as he can This tinge of discontent, or, perhaps, one may almost say misanthropy, is the only objection I have to Lord R's very powerful and original work." Scott goes on to mention that "had a temporary correspondence with Lord B. on several occasions. The Prince Regent, who now makes patte de relours to the gens des letires, desired at some party that Lord R. should be introduced to him (Lord B., by the way, had written a very severe epigram on the fraces with Lord Lauderdale), and said many polite things to him, and what your ladyship would hardly guess, a great many about your friend. Lord B., knowing the value of a prince's good word, put all these sugar plums in the possession of a person who presented them to me, and I could do no less than thank the donor, and so I had a civil letter from Childe Harold upon the subject. By the way, there is a report Childe Harold is to be married

to an beiress of our northern clime." John Bacon Morritt, who was one of Scott's June, 1838: "Lord Byron has written a new poem. • • He calls it the Giaour, a word that has sadly plagued the Bas-bies, for they cannot talk about it until we Turks have in structed them in the pronunciation. He has paid you an involuntary tribute, for in many of his passages, he has copied your manner; but he seems fated to compliment and to cul tivate every man in turn whom his earlier productions abuse. The story, where it is told a all, is powerfully and spiritedly done." That Byron had imitated Scott in the Ginour was the opinion also of Joanna Baillie, whose tragedies were much admired in Scott's time though they are now unread. She speaks as one having authority to Scott: been reading lately Lord Byron's new poem, 'The Glacur,' which I suppose you have seen. Lord B. has no mean portion of native genius; but he seems to me, notwithstanding the very different character of his persons and stories, to have one Scott perpetually in his eye. I wonder if he is himself aware of this, and whether he would not be ready to break my head for say ing so. There were touches here and there at which I could not help calling out your name viz., where he says that on the ambushed foes firing on the followers of Hassan, four or five -I forget the number-came to the ground. and 'three shall never mount again.' I say not this to his discredit: I believe he has not imitated such graces from you, but caught them. Though passion, as he chooses to paint it, is revolting, yet it is naturally and forcibly expressed, and if he thought more worthily of human nature, he might, I should think, excel in tragedy, and possibly he may turn his thoughts this way.'

It seems that Scott was among those persons to whom an appeal was made to endeavor to effect a reconciliation between Lord Byron and his wife. Scott was too wise a man to interpose. He tells Joanna Baillie, in April, "I am glad you are satisfied with my reason for declining a direct interference with Lord B. I have not, however, been quite idle. and, as an old seaman, nad tried to go by a side wind, where I had not the means of going before it, and this will be so far plain to you when I say that I have every reason to believe the news is true that a separation is signed between Lord and Lady Byron. If I am not as angry as you expect, it is from deep sorrow and regret that a man possessed of such noble talents should so utterly and irretrievably lose himself. In short, I believe the thing to be as you stated, and, therefore. Lord Byron is the object of anyrather than indignation. a cruel pity that such high talents should have been joined to a mind so wayward and incapable of seeking control, where alone it is found, in the quiet of domestic duties, and filling up in peace and affection his station in society. The idea of his ultimately re-sisting that which should be fair and honorable to Lady Edid not come within my view of his character-at least of his natural character; but I hear that, as you intimated, he has had execrable advisers. I hardly know a more painful object of consideration than a man of genius in such a situation. These of low-r minds do not feel the degradation, and so, like pigs, familiarized with the flithy elements in which ithey grovel; but it is im-

should not often feel the want of that which he has forfeited-the fair esteem of those by whom genius most naturally desires to be admired and cherished." To Morritt, about the same date, Scott writes: "I am very sorry for what has taken place between Lord Byron and his ady, for I was in great hopes that the comfort of domestic society might tame the wayward irregularity of mind which is, unforte nately for its owner, connected with such splen did talents. I have known Lord Byron do great and generous things, and I would have been most happy to find that he had adopted other and more settled habits. But I should se afraid that it is hardly to be hoped for now for the very circumstances of folat which have attende" the separation will prevent them eve uniting main. For such breaches made up are like a china dish clasped. It has an ar pearance of union, but has lost its value, and nust always be precarious and insecura."

Much later in the same year Scott writer again to Joanna Baillie, who had become a great friend of Lady Byron. "An object still of in-terest." Scott writes, "of interest tempered with pity and disapprobation, is Lord Byron present situation seems to rival al that ever has been said and sung of the misfortune of a too Irritable imagination The last part of Childe Harold (the reference is to the third canto, which had just appeared intimates a terrible state of mind, and, with all the power and genius which characterized his former productions, the present seems to in dicate a more serious and desperate degree o misanthropy. I own I was not much move by the scorn of the world which his first poem show, because I know it is a humor of mind which those whom fortune has spoiled by in dulgence or ill treated by reverses are apo assume, because it looks melanchol; and becomes a bard as well as being des perately in love or very fond of the sunrise though he lies in bed till noon, or anxious fr secommending to others to catch cold by visit ing old abbeys by moonlight, which he never happened to see under the chaste moonbean himself; but this strange poem goes much leeper, and either the demon of misanthropy is in full possession of him, or he has invited ten guests equally desperate to the swept and garnished mansion of Harold's understanding On my word of honor, I should expect it to and either in actual insanity or something equally frightful. I am glad you have contradicted the reports of his following course of open profligacy. I wonder who can have circulated such stories, were it not that the degradation of genius seems to give as little pain to vulgar minds as the plotting a bird does to a cook who cares little whether it be a dunghill cock or a pheasant, I would be glad to hear that Lady Byron was as well as circumstances can entitle her friends to expect. It is a terrible thing to be attached in the flight of such a balloon as Lord B., and the interest which his writings maintain keeps him in a manner before the eyes of the public and prevents his misfortune from dying away or being forgotten, as in the ordinary case. It is still of the third canto of Childe Harold that Scott speaks in a letter to Morritt; but here he is more critical. He observes that in this part of Childe Harold "Lord Byron has more avowedly identified himself with his personage than upon former occasions, and, in truth, does not affect to separate them. It is wilder and less sweet. I think, than the first part, but contains even darker and more powerful pourings forth of the spirit which boils within him. I question whether there ever lived a man who, without looking abroad for subjects except as they produce an effect on himself, has contrived to render long poems turning almost entirely upon the feelings character, and emotions of the author, so deeply interesting. We gaze on the powerful and rained mind which he presents us as on a shattered castle, within whose walls, once intended for nobler guests, sorcerers and wild

constant working of an imagination so dark and so strong. Suicide or utter insanity is not unlikely to close the scenes.".

demons are supposed to hold their Sabbath

There is something dreadful in reflecting that

one gifted so much above his fellow creatures

should thus labor under some strange mental

malady that destroys the peace of mind and

happiness although it cannot quench the fire

of his genius. I fear the termination will be

fatal in one way or the other, for it seems im-

possible that human nature can support the

III. Soon afterward, Scott published an extremely generous article on the third canto of Childe Harold in the Quarterly Review, an article which caused Byron to say: "The perusal has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and nore than any other has given. There is a tact and delicacy throughout, not only with not been observed elsewhere, I had, till now doubted whether it could be observed anychere." But, although Byron praised the the article, it gave offence to Lady Byron's friends, who, apparently, thought that Scott should have gone out of the highway of criticism to de-nounce the poet's treatment of his wife. Scott is called to account by Joanna Baillie in a letter written in February, 1817. The writer begins with mentioning that she saw Lady Byron "just after she had read the review, not knowing who was the writer, and she well per selved the use that would be made of it against erself. The next time we met, a few days afterward, she told me she was informed the article was written by you (which I was not willing to believe), but added that, though it vas calculated to give an unfavorable impression of her to the world, she believed it was written from a generous desire to befriend Lord Byron, and no other motive. She soon returned to the country, and has, I suppose, met with friends who have viewed the publication in a very mischievous light, which has induced her to send you this notice, for, when she left me, she exhibited no such intention. The enclosed message from Lady Byron is not here reproduced. There is nothing which the world can pretend to censure in Lady Byron, but that she is supposed to be of a very cold and unforgiving nature. That she is a woman of great self-command know, and, where this is the case, we cannot well judge of the degree of feeling; but I never, in the whole course of my life, met with any person of a more candid or forgiving disposition. She has borne treatment and wrongs exceeding anything I have ever heard of it my life; and, could she have hoped for any amendment to her husband's character, or even, without this hope, could she have continued to live with him without becoming herself worthless and debased, she would, I am confident, never have left him. You may, per haps, suspect my testimony as being partial to her, and coming from her, and I know not well how to remove the difficulty. I can only say that I am most thoroughly convinced of the truth of it, and that I hope you will receive what I say with some degree of confidence, until you can find from better authorities that It is false. Why should I be too ready to think or believe ill of Lord Byron? After the great friendship I have, on all occasions, experienced from yourself. I have not from any of the modern poets received stronger proofs of a disposition to serve me than from him. You will remember, too, that when I returned from Switzerland, having heard there that he was stopping with a gentleman and his wife on the banks of a lake, how ready I was to suppose he was in a respectable house, and to interpret this in his favor. But I wish I had been less ready, for I have innocently been led, perhaps, to think better of him and of his personal state than he deserves Not long after I sent you my last letter. I learnt that this same gentleman and his wife were a married man who had run away from this country and a girl whom he had seduced

and that their house was anything but a re-

spectable one. This information did not come from Lady B. Oh, why have rou endeavored to

re untile the world in some degree with that unhappy man, at the expense of having your-

self, perhaps, considered as regarding want of all principle and the vilest corruption with an

truly believe that you have done it to cheer, in some degree, the despair of a perishing mind, and rouse it to make some effort to save itself; but this will not be. You cannot save him, though, by that effort, you may depress a most worthy character who has been already sinned against, and who bears the despest part of her distress in dlenes." Not long after this letter was written ady Byron, in the course of a tour in Sect land, stopped for a day at Abbottsford. Referring to that visit, Joanna Baillie writes: am glad you were so much pleased with Lady Byron. That trait which struck you of deridedness I have often observed, but I believe that, while she lived with Lord B-, she was most compliant to his will in everything exsepting when she was required to mingle or secome an associate of the profligate and debased. But nothing would satisfy him but the

covalling devotedness of a Guinara" In 1821 Byron wrote and inscribed to Scott the drama entitled "Cain." We find the foiowing comment in a letter written by Scott in December of the year named: "He (Byron) has been very great in his personification of the evil principle under the name of Lucifer who speaks, of course, the language of the Manichean heresy. It is a most extraordi nary piece of composition, and he seems me, in many cases, fairly to have drawn the bow of Milton. I think, however, the work will not escape consure, for it is scarce pos sible to make the devil speak as the devil with out giving offence." Three years later Byron died, and it is evident from a letter to Lad; Abercorn that the news was a great shock t scott. "I have," he writes, "been terribly distressed at poor Byron's death. In talent he was unequalled, and his faults wer those rather of a bizarre temper arising from an eager and irritable, nerv ous habit than any depravity of disposi-tion. He was devoid of selfishness, which i take to be the basest ingredient in the human composition. He was generous, humans, and oble-minded when passion did not blind him The worst I ever saw about him was that he rather liked indifferent company than that c those with whom he must, from character and talent, have necessarily conversed more upon an equality. I believe much of his misan thropy-for I never thought it real-wafounded upon instances of ingratitude and seifshness experienced at the hands those from whom better could not have been expected. During the disagreement between him and his lady the hubbut raised by the public reminded me of the mischievous boys who pretend to chase run away horses. Man and wife would hardly make the mutual sacrifices which are neces sary to make them friends when the whole public of London were hallooing after them Bir Frederick Adam's last letters state that poor Byron's loss will be inestimably felt by the Greeks. He had influence with their chiefs, which he employed in recommending moders tion in their councils and humanity in their actions-very contrary doctrines to those preached by some hot-headed poets from this part of the world." It appears that Lady Abercorn sent to Scott a copy of the last verse penned by Byron, the verses beginning, time this heart should be unmoved. Scott's comment is as follows: can interest me more than the last verses of poor Byron, born as he was for something so noble, and only prevented from attaining the highest point in public esteem by the faults which I think flowed from a morbid temperament which, like the slave in the triumphal charlot, so often accompanies genius to humble her and her triumph. The unfinished state of the lines, the heartfelt pressure of care and unhappiness under which they are written and the longing for closing the scene by an honorable death render them as melan choly and oppressive as any verses I ever read.

IV.

In the first of these volumes there is a letter to Miss Seward (dated April, 1806) which contains an interesting passage about Words before a journey into Cumberland, and Souther had repaid him by visiting his farm. are certainly men." Scott writes, "of very exraordinary powers. Wordsworth, in particular, is such a character as only exists in romance-virtuous, simple, and unaffectedly restricting every want and wish within the bounds of a very narrow income in order to enjoy the literary and poetical leisure which his happiness consists in. Were it not for the unfortunate idea of forming a new school of poetry, these men are calculated to give it a new impulse, but I think they sometimes lose their energy in trying to find not a better, a different path than what has but been travelled by their predecessors. I if there be any, is local, and some of it even ealousy and should think him above it; certainly his bearing is not always and altogether so easy and pleasing as that of Wordsworth, but I think it is mere manners. Individually, as I was not at all a subject for his jealousy. I am certain that neither did I excite any, though much kind and free discus sion took place among us. I agree with you in admiring Madoe very much: the descrip tions of natural objects are most admirable. and may certainly rank with any that our poetry affords. Mr. Southey seems to excel in seizing either those circumstances which giv character to the landscape or such as are so closely connected with them that the one be ing suggested to our imagination naturally and almost necessarily recalls the rest. I am not quite sure that the subject of such and so long a poem is altogether so well chosen. The exploits of Madoc necessarily recall the history of Cortex and the voyage of Columbus, and this mixture of ruth and fancy is not pleasant. Whether it is owing to this, or that the heroes and heroines considered as men and women, have little of that discriminating character which is abso lutely necessary to interest a reader. I am unable to decide; but so it is that Madoc some times requires an effort on the part of the reader to accompany him on his journey. It is, however, an effort, amply repaid by the fine passages which perpetually occur throughout the noem." Writing to the same correspondent the next year, Scott says. "I am quite you received Souther. Delighted with him ou must be; yet in conversation, great as he is he is inferior to Wordsworth, perhaps because he is a deeper and more elaborate scholar. Southey rarely allows you any of those reposes of conversation when you are at liberty to speak, as the phrase is, whatever comes uppermost. But in return, if an idle fellow like me is sometimes a little gend, he is at least informed, and may be the wiser or the better from all he bears. What I admire in both is an upright undeviating morality, connecting itself with all they teach and say and write." It was the pright lives of these two poets that Scott had in mind when, writing in 1816 to Joanna Baillie, he protested that "surely, admitting all our temptations and fregularities, there are men of genius enough living to restrain the mere possession of talent from the charge of disqualifying the owner for the ordinary occupations and duties of life. There never were better men, and especially better hus bands, fathers, and real patriots than Southey and Wordsworth; they might even be pitched upon as most exemplary characters. I myself, if may write myself in the list, am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, and at least not worse than an infidel in loving those of my own ouse, and I think that, generally speaking, authors, like actors, being rather less comionly believed to be ecceptric than was the faith fifty years since, do conduct themselves as amenable to the ordinary rules of society.

In 1825 Scott went again to the Lake country, accompanied by his son-in-law. Lockhart George Canning, the Minister, was of the party. From some letters of Lockhart's, printed in this volume, we get a characteristically sarcastic account of Wordsworth. The poet is described by Lockhart in a letter to his wife as "old and pompous and fine and absurdly arrogant beyond conception evidently thinks Canning and Scott together not worth his

my unwearled friend, this goes to my heart. I Ing here-from Wordsworth as your paps describes him the first time he saw the lakes. with the little cottage and the sister and wife dressing the mutton leg in the same room where it was to be eaten! That was what Byron calls 'Wordsworth yet unexcised, unbired, seasoning his peddler poems with democracy,' but he has been better, and done better, and is well where he ought to be could be only drop a little of his airs and his preaching above all, for that is the devil, particularly when two such anti-proser as your papa and the Secretary are in the room." A few days later, Lockhart tells his wife that "Wordsworth said to Wilson (Christopher North) yesterday that he thought Canning seemed to have no mind at all. Other people might find an easier explanation of his worn and exhaustive state. Besides, would not he be a goose to indulge Wordsworth is speechification, not only pro, but con, on the orinciples of poetry, &c., on which humougs alone, the stamp master (Wordsworth has the power of eral communication. Lockhart goes on to say that during all the rides which the visitors took bout the Lake district, Scott "was continually quoting Wordsworth's poetry and Wordsworth ditto, but that the great Laker never uttered one syllable by which it might have been intimated to a stranger that your papa had ever written a line either of verse or prose since he was born. Wordsworth spoke kindly, I think, on the whole, of Hogg; of Byron, contemptu ously; of Shelley, well and rightly, saving that ias is the custom of all one-editioned clubs) he said Shelley was a greater genius

than Byron (i. c. a less successful one)."

They drove over to Keswick to see Southey and found him "rather pale and sickly is looks: he had been stung by a venomous in sect in the Netherlands and suffered serious for many weeks in consequence; but his eyes were bright, and the folios and the portfo of beantiful MS, were open before him, as isual, in the midst of all the ladies. Coleridge a pleasing person, and has been pretty, ditto ditto Mrs. Laureate, and all very nest and prettily drassed. To be sure that were, as Don Juan says, 'Two pretty sis ters, milliners at Bath.' Miss Souther is a tall, strapping, and comely lass, and some of the younger sisters promise to be very beautiful; but the cousin, Miss Coloridge, is really a lovely vision of a crea ture, with the finest blue eyes I ever saw, and altogether, face and figure and manner, the very ideal of a novel heroine." Another day, Sent and Wordsworth fell to discussing Crabbe, who would, we are assured, "have seen worried clean outright, had the Unknown (the name familiarly applied to Scott by his family after the publication of Waverley) not been there to quote 'Sir Eustace Grey' and to say sensible and true things in his favor. Both right as usual, in disputes between men of sense Wordsworth says Crabbe is always an addi tion to our pastoral literature, whether he be or be not a poet. He attributes his want of nonularity to a want of flow of feeling, the gen eral dryness and knottiness of style and matter which it does not soothe the mind to dwell upon; Scott to the painful truth of his pictures of human life, especially for a lower order of society who cannot butter their bread and sigh over the description of a crust. Wordsworth quoted some lines in which Crabbe sums up the object of his writings as being to convince the high that they are only worms and dust like the poor; the poor that, miserable as they are, they shall one day have the lords of the earth for their bedfellows in the dust, and, to be sure, this is a rather anti-poetle result to

The first reference to Waverley which we find in this correspondence occurs in a letter to Morritt dated July 9, 1814, two days after the novel was published. Beyond Erskine, the Ballantynes and Constable, Morritt appears to have been the only friend entrusted with the secret at this date. Scott writes, "Now I must account for my own laziness, which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of novel in three volumes which you will receive by the mail of this date. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written a great part of the first volume and sketched other passages when I mislaid the MS, and only found it by the meres accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finish ing it, which I did so fast that the last two vol umes were written in three weeks. I had s great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the South, as much of the humor, nothing in Southey like literary professional. You, however, who are an adopt-It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in placing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the author, although he is far from scaping suspicion, for Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit to the contrary; so that these authorities have divided the good town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend you to maintain my incognito." In a letter written to Morritt a little later, Scott adds. "As to Waverley, I will play Sir Fretful or once, and assure you that I meant the story in the first volume to flag on purpose; the secend and third have rather more bustle and interest. I wished (with what success heaven (nows) to avoid the ordinary error of novel writers, whose first volume is usually their est; but, since it has served to amuse Mrs. Morritt and you, even from the outset, I have no doubt you will tolerate it, even unto the end. It may really boast of being a tolerably faithful portrait of Scottish manners, and has been recognized as such in Edinburgh. The first edition of a thousand instantly disappeared, and the bookseller informs me that the second of double the quantity will not supply the market for long." Morritt wanted Scott to acknowledge the novel. "I wish," he writes, "with all my heart, I could persuad you to own it at once. If you could be supsed, at first, from diffidence of success in a style of composition hitherto untried, to be unwilling to stake the fame you have acquired in a different branch of literature on the event of a novel, your original concealment is accounted for; but really, it is now worse than seless, for the volumes we have just read will add to the fame of the best poet in our language by the extent and diversity of narrative and imagination they display, and your name would procure them readers who, without it, are justly averse to opening a blue-backed book after the thousand and one annual abortions of the circulating library have terrified them at unknown authors. Besides this, amongst the reading world, you are, I find, named as the author, not merely at Edinburgh, for I have heard here about Mr. Scott's novel boldly pronounced, and the unknown author begins o be accused of a trick, which I really think will be rather prejudicial than advantageous to your fame. Pray reconsider this, and reflect whether it is not worth while to descend from your ambush into the open field where you will find more friends than enemies, and where your name and cognizance are already host in themselves." Scott's answer was that he "would not own Waverley," his chief reason being that, by doing so, he would de prive himself of the pleasure of writing again To which Morritt replied, "Your reasons for not owning Waverley are indeed cogent, and have had the success which soldom attends

> me that you are right and that I was wrong." VII.

reason in this world, for they have convinced

One of the most interesting things in these volumes is an appendix consisting of a letter written by Scott to John Villiers, afterward third earl of Clarendon. It appears that during Scott's visit to London in 1821, he had sessible that a man of Lord Byron's genius | induirent eye? Indeed, my good, my kind, thumb. What a change bowing and smirk- ity as to the project of a Society of Literature,

licited. Scott did not approve of the plan, and he wrote the letter to which we refer while halting at Manchester for the night on his way home. As similar projects are mooted how Scott gave a death blow to their predecossor. He begins by saying that it is a matter "In which my experience as an author who has been twenty years before the public, maintaining during that long space a much higher rank of popularity than he deserves, may entitle me to speak with some opportunities of knowledge to which few others can lay claim; and to be silent merely out of pocumstances, be folly, if not a crime, since it is obvious that the measure, if not eminently successful, would be a marked failure for maignant satire to fix his fangs upon, and that the noble purpose of the sovereign would be made the means of heaping on all concerned ridicule, and calumny, and abuse. My personal feelings would naturally determine me against becoming a member of such an asse station. These, however, I might unwillingly set aside. But convinced as I am, that the scheme will be hurtful at once to the community of letters and to the respect due to the sovereign, my own feelings are out of the question, and it becomes only my duty to con ider the measure as these are implicated. Scott goes on to say that, in the first place, he thinks such an association would be entirely useless. "If a man of any rank or statio loss anything in the present day deserving the patronage of the public, he is sure to at tain it. For such a work of genfus as the plan proposes to remunerate with £100, any bookseller would give ten or twenty times that sum. and for the work of an author of any emi nence, £3,000 or £4,000 is a very common recompense. In short, a man may, according to his talents, make from £500 to as many thousands, providing he employs those talents with prudence and diligence. With such rewards before them, men will not willingly contend for a much more petty prize where failure would be a sort of dishonor, and where the honor acquired by success might be very doubtful. There is, therefore really no occasion for encouraging by society the competition of authors. The land is before them, and if they really have merit they seldom fall to conquer their share of publie applause and private property. It will happen, no doubt, that either from the improvidence which sometimes attends genius or from singularly adverse circumstances, or from some peculiar turn of temper, habits, o disposition, men of great genius and talent miss the tide of fortune and popularity, fall it. But such cases are nowadays extremely rare. I cannot, in my knowledge of letters recollect more than two men whose merit is undeniable, while I am afraid their circumstances are narrow. I mean Coleridge an Maturin. I protest that (excepting perhap Bloomfield, of whose circumstances I know little) I do not remember any other of undisputed genius who could gracefully accept £100 a year, or to whom such a sum could be handsomely offered. That there would be men enough to grasp at it would be certain. But then they would be the very individuals whose mediocrity of genius and active cupidity of disposition would render them undeserving of

among the shallows, and make a bad voyage of benevolence, or render benevolence ridicu lous, if bestowed upon them." Scott, however, is not satisfied with con

tending that the proposed association was unnecessary and useless. He goes further

and maintains that if attempted it would meet with a great and mortifying fall ure, and that from a concurrence of rea sons. "In the first place you propose (if understand you rightly) to exclude Byron. Jeffrey, Tom Moore, &c., for reasons moral of political. Allowing these reasons their full weight, how will the public look on an associa tion for literary purposes where such mer whose talents are undisputed are either left out or choose to stay tout, or what weight would that society have on the public mind Very little, I should think, while it would be liable to all the shots which malice and wit mingled could fire against it." Scott objected also to the idea of combining professional man of letters with university professors in the council of the proposed society. "I think " he says, "that few men who have acquired some reputation in literature would choose to enroll themselves with the obscure pedants of universities, most respectable doubtless and useful in their own way, excellent judges of an obscure passage in a Greek author, under standing, perhaps, the value of a bottle of old port, connoisseurs in tobacco, and not wholly ignorant of the mystery of punch making, but certainly the sort of persons whom I, for one, would never wish to sit with as assessors of the fine arts. There are many men, and I know several myself, to whom this description does not apply. But to one who has lived all his life with gentlemen and men of the world, to mingle his voice with men who have lived entirely out of the world, and whose opinions must be founded on principles so different from our own, would be no very pleas-ing situation. Besides, every man who has acquired any celebrity in letters would naturally feel that the objects or rather the natural consequence of such a society would be to overage talent, and that, while he brought to the common stock all that he had of his own, he was, on the contrary, to take on his shoul ders a portion of their lack of public credit. Now, this is what no one will consider as fair play, and I believe you will find it very difficult to recruit your honorary class on such conditions with those names which you would be most desirous to have, and without which a national institution of the kind would be jest," For the sake of argument, however, Scott assumes that the patrons or honorary members have been designated and have greed to serve. He points out that hopeless differences will at once reveal themselves with regard to a literary standard. "By what rule of criticism," he asks, "are the judges to pro-ceed in determining the merits of the candidates on whom they are to sit in judgment? The Lake School have one way of judging, the school of Scotland another, Gifford, Frere, Can-

taken to manage and the hooting and clamorfor which the King's patronage had been soing of the public out of doors." too, Scott is inclined to think that there is more need of discouraging than of encourage ing literature. "If a device could be failed upon to diminish the quantity and improve the quality of our literature, it would have an admirable effect. The number of persons who can paint a little, play a little music, or write Indifferent verses is infinite in proportion to those who are masters of those faculties; and their daubing, scraping, and postastering is, to say the least, a great nulsance to their friends and the public; and the misfortune is that these pretenders never have tact enough to detect their own insufficiency. A man of genius is always doubtful of his best pe ances, because his expression does and must fall infinitely below his powers of conception and what he is able to embody to the eye of the reader is far short of the vision he has had before his own. But the moderes in literature are tessed with no such doubts and are usually as completely satisfied with their own productions as all the rest of the world are

VIII. We must find space for a reference to Mrs Siddons and for an anecdote about the Duke of Wellington. The aliusion to the great actress occurs in a letter to Joanna Ballile, writ-Siddens means to be solicited out on the stage again. Surely, she is not such an absolute jackass; she might return with as much credit if the had been a week in her winding sheet. I should like, if it were possible, to anatomize Mrs. Siddons's intellect, that we might discover in what her unrivalled art consisted; she has not much sense, and still less sound taste, no reading but in her profession, and with a view to the boards, and, on the whole, has always seemed to me a vain, foolish woman, spoiled and no wonder) by unbounded adulation to a degree that deserved praise, tasted faint or her palate." Replying to this criticism. Joanna Baillie suggests that Scott is too hard on Mrs. Siddons. "Her manner is too solemn and her voice too deep for familiar society, and having her mind little stored except with what s connected with her profession, and thinking, at the same time, that every one who spoke to her expected to hear her mouth utter some striking thing, she uttered many things not ery well suited to the occasion, but I think she has a mind which has been occupied in observing what passed within itself, and has, therefore, drawn her acting from a deep source than actors generally do, besides her native talent for expressing emotions; and I think she has a quick perception of humor and character in others; at least she tells a humor ous anecdote, notwithstanding her deep-toned

The story about the Duke of Wellington is recounted by Scott in a letter to his son Walter under date of August, 1820. "Respecting Sir David Baird, besides being always a man of courage himself and a successful General it Britain, and the world owe the Duke of Wellington entirely to him. At the siege of Seringapatam Lieut.-Col. Wellesley was ordered on a night attack on a battery which annoyed the besiegers, a sort of field work or redoubt. His guides were stupid or treacherous, and misled the detachment, which actually dispersed in the darkness, and Lieut.-Col. Wellesley returned alone to the camp. Lord Lake, who commanded, ordered Sir D. Baird to repair this mischance by an attack the next day on the same post, but Sir D. entreated him to give Lieut.-Col. Wellesley another chance to redeem the credit he had lost, observing truly that he was otherwise a lost man forever. Lord Lake said he was happy Sir David had asked him to do what he could not have done himself without subjecting himself to the imputation of doing more for the Governor-General's brother than he would for a brother officer. So Lieut.-Col. Wellesley tried again, succeeded, and rose to be the first General of Europe and its savior." M. W. H.

voice, very drolly."

HIS WHEELS AT LAST RUN DOWN. Burial of an Old Connecticut Clock Win a Coffin of His Own Making.

Moonus, Dec. 23 .- D. Cicero Wheeler, who dwelt in this land a great many years, was queer-about as queer as Moodus itself, which is one of the queerest places in the world. Mr. Wheeler was quite unlike other men in a num ber of things. In fact, some of his neighbors among these wild hills in the Connection Valley said he was a crank, and winked once with the left eye and smiled when they met with him, trudging along the lonely country road, on his way to mend an old country clock with cherry wheels; but he was no such thing. He was merely queer, him to be classified easily, and it is apt to be almost a crime in the country not to be classifled readily, not to be one biscuit in a large tin of other bacuits, all alike Others, more discerning, pronounced D. Cicero to be tric," and they came very much nearer hitting the bull's-eye and ringing the bell of his charactor or dominant characteristic.

Cicero is dead. He died a day or two ago at his home in Wapping, among the gray old Conecticut hills, aged 82. His death was caused by old age, for there was nothing else the matter with him. If ever a life was reaped directly by the scythe of Father Time, not by any of his hired men with various pathological names, it

was that of Cicero Wheeler. Time was up. Mr. Wheeler was a clock mender of the old-

and the clocks he tinkered—several thousand of them in his long career—were as ancient and old-fashioned as himself.

"Dectoring 'em up," is what he called the practice of his art and the careful, painstaking way in which he squinted into the internal anatomy of a square-bodied, cherry-wheeled, old country timeplees, pursing up his lips and wrinkling his eyelids behind steel-bowed spectacles with the intentness of his observation, searching for the cause of the interrupted functions or seat of organic attentions as a noteworthy and conscientious as is the process of afashionable modern city dector, studying with stethoscope or speculum, the anatomical shortcomings of a human patient. The reason why the neighbors called him queer was that for years and years—perhaps thirty, and possibly forty, ever since he was a young mancomparatively—cliero had a cuffin on his hands, and that coffin was in his honse most of this time, so his neighbors affirmed, and strangest of all, the coffin was designed for D. Cliero himself. Did anybody ever hear of anything like it afore?" the neighbors asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of them thus asked one another; and every one of the minimum didn't worry his old head about the curious self-questionings of the people influenced him so to do on not an other and the every like and there are an every like and the eve fashioned Nutmer State sort, and the clocks he tinkered several thousand of them in his long career—were as ancient and old-fashioned as himself. the Lake School have one way of judging and the school of Scotiand another, Gifford, Free, Canding, A. have a first, and twenty others have been continued to the like and the school of Scotiand another, Gifford, Free, Canding, A. have a first, and twenty others have a single school of Scotiand another, Gifford, Free, Canding, A. have a first, and twenty others have a single school of Scotiand another, Gifford, Free, Canding, A. have a first, and twenty others have a single school of Scotiand another, Gifford, Free, Canding, A. Scotian, A. S

in the Constitutional Convention when he had always before been in favor of that reform?" Because he feared it might embarrane his party in their efforts to carry "negro suffrage," the Republican measure of that time. As soon as the Convention was called the Woman Suffrage Association decided to make a thorough canvass of the State, to hold meetings, scatter tracts, and sirculate petitions to get the world "male" from Article IL, section of the Constitution. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony called on Mr. Greeley and asked him to give them space to advocate the measure in the Tribune. He said no, emphatically, must not get up any agitation now for that measure. You are good Bepublicans; help us to get the word 'white' out of the Constitution; this is the negro's turn; your turn will come next." "No, no," we replied; "we shall not have another chance in twenty years. We have stood with the negro in the Constitution for century, the only decent compeer we have had; and now when the constitutional door is open we should so into the kingdom together. How would you look, Mr. Greeley, holding meetings to advocate negro suffrage if you were disfranchised yourself?" "Oh, that is a different question." "Yes, just the difference between two souls that have an equal love for liberty."
"Well, ladies," he said, "I give you fair warning, that if you persist in agitating your demands, I shall oppose you, both in the Convention and in the Tribuna." Mrs. Greeley, however, was equally determined to de what she could, and saw that petitions were diligently circulated in Westchester county. On June 4, 1867, the Constitutional Convention assembled in Albany, and on the 10th Ma Graves of Herkimer moved "that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair, to report at an early day whether the Convention should provide that, when a majority of women voted that they wanted the right of suffrage, they should have it," and on the 19th the President William A. Wheeler, appointed the following committee on the "right of suffrage and the qualifications for holding office"; Horace

GREELRY AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

fra, Ettaabeth Cady Stanton Tells of a Livety

In a recent number of Tan Sun some corre-

spondent asks the question: "Why did Horae

Greeley oppose a woman suffrage amendment

dress, Livingston county. The first petition brought before the comnittee in favor of suffrage for women was presented by George William Curtis of Richmond county, sent by the friends of human progress from their annual meeting at Waterloo

Greeley, Westchester county: Lealle W. Rus-

sell, St. Lawrence county; William Cassidy, IAF

bany county: William H. Merrill, Wyoming

county; George Williams, Onelda county; John

G. Schumaker, Kings county: Isaac L. En-

On June 27 Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony were granted a hearing before the Convention and at the close of their addresses were asked by different members to reply to various objections that readily suggested themselves. Among others, Mr. Greeley said: "Ladies, you will please remember that the bullet and ballot

Among others. Mr. Greeley said: "Ladies, you will please remember that the builet and ballot go together. If you vote, are you ready to fight: "Certainly," was the prompt reply. "We are ready to fight, sir, just as you fought in the late war, by sending our substitutes." The colloquy between the members and the ladies, prolonged until a late hour, was both spley and instructive. On the 10th of July a hearing was granted to Lucy Stone, which called out deep interest and consideration from the members of that body.

If space allowed, I might give a few of the petitions to show that many leading men and women twenty years ago did believe in woman suffrage. These were presented the first hour of the morning, in which session Mr. Greeley followed with his report. Nearly every member of ladies whom Mr. Greeley met from week to week at Miss Alice Cary's receptions had come up from New York to hear the report, the great editor was somewhat embarrassed. The too of his head was as red as a beet as the petitions poured in from fully half the counties of the State, and when Mrs. Greeley's was read, signed by 300 women from Westchester, he gave a fierce look at the gallery as if he wished to annihilate us, one and all.

The petitions for woman suffrage were presented in the Convention until they reached in round numbers 20,000. The morning Mr. Greeley gave his report the galleries were crowded with ladies, and every member present, Democrata as well as Hepublican, was supplied with a petition. As it had been rumored about that Mr. Greeley's report would be against suffrage for women, the Democrata entered with great zest into the presentation. George William Curtis, at the special request of the ladies, reserved his for the last, and when he arose and sail. "Mr. President, I hold in my hand a petition from Mrs. Horsee Greeley and 300 other women, the Democrata entered with great zest into the presentation. George william Curtis, at the special request of the ladies, reserved his for the last, and when he arose to read his r ladies in his immediate social circle.

Horace Greeler, Chairman of the committee, in his report, after recommending universal manhood suffrage," said:

in his report, after recommending universal manhood suffrage, said:

"Having thus briefly set forth the considerations which seem to us decisive in favor of the few and moderate changes proposed, we proceed to indicate our controlling reasons for deciming to recommend other and in some respects more important innovations. Your committee does not recommend an extension of the elective franchise to women. However, defencible in theory, we are satisfied that public sentiment does not demand and would not sustain an innovations or evolutionary and sweeping, so openly at war with a distribution of duties and functions between the sexes as venerable and pervading as government itself, and involving transformations so radical in social and domestic life. Should we prove to be in error on this head, the Convention may overrule us by changing a few words in the first section of our proposed article.

Nor have we seen fit to propose the enfranchisement of boys above the age of eighteen years. The current ideas and usages in our day, but especially in this country, seem already to set too strongly in favor of the relaxation, if not total overthrow of parental authority, especially over half-grown boys. With the sincerest good will for the class in question, we submit that they may spend the hours which they can spare from their labors and their lessons more usefully and profitably in mastering the wisdom of the sages and philosophers who have elucidated the science of government, than in attendance on midnight caucuses, or in wrangling around the polis.

"Monace Grishler, Chairman, "W. M. H. Mershill, "Leslie W. Russell, "Good, Williams."

"Albant, June 28, 1867."

After Mr. Greeley's report, Mr. Graves made several efforts to get his resolution adopted in